

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the ieking and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace coosen, say no more.
And now I will vnclaspe a secret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents
He reade you matter deepe and dangerous,
Asfull of perill and aduenterous spirit,
As to o'rewalke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnstedfast footing of a speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night, or sincke, or swim,
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the blood more stirs
To rouse a lyon than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
By heauen me thinkes it were an easie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the palefac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where sadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drow ned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fact fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend,
Good coosen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I crie you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners
Hot. He keepe them all;
By God he shall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would saue his soule he shall not.

He

He keepe them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no care vnto my pur
These prisoners you shall keepe

Hot. Nay, I will: that's flat:
He said he would not ransome
Forbad my tongue to speake of
But I will finde him when he lie
And in his eare He hollow Mor
Nay, ile haue a starling shalbe ta
Nothing but Mortimer, and gi
To keepe his anger still in moti

Wor. Heare you coosen, a v

Hot. All studies here I soler
Saue how to gall and pinch this
And that same sword and buck
But that I thinke his father loue
And would be glad he met with
I would haue him poisoned with

Wor. Farewell kinsman, ile t
When you are better temper

Nor. Why what a waspe-tong
Art thou? to breake into this w
Tying thine care to no tongue

Hot. Why looke you, I am w
Netled, and stung with pismires.
Of this vile pollution Bullingbr
In Richards time, what do you c
A plague vpon it, it is in Glocest
T'was where the mad-cap duke
His vnckle Yorke, where I first b
Vnto this king of smiles, this Bu
Zblood, when you and he came

Nor. At Barkly castle.
Why what a Candy deale of cur
This fawning greyhound then d
Looke when his infant fortune c
And gentle Harry Percy, and ki